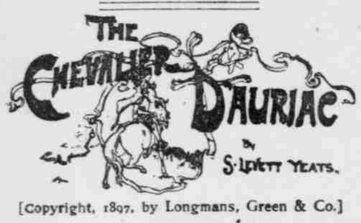
OPTIMISM.

There's a word of gentle meaning,
"Afterwhile."
It's the sesame of dreaming,
"Afterwhile."
When our fortunes halt and vary,
It's the watchword of the fairy,
From hope's sweet vocabulary,
"Afterwhile."

We will hear no sounds of battle,
"Afterwhile."
We will miss the cannon's rattle,
"Afterwhile."
Men will put away the saber
And together they will labor
Each to help a helping neighbor,
"Afterwhile."

This old earth will cease its sorrow,
"Afterwhile."
There will dawn a peaceful morrow,
"Afterwhile."
When all grief is but tradition,
Giving ('tis its rightful mission),
Contrast to life's best condition,
"Afterwhile."
—Washington Star.



SYNOPSIS.

D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, Ravaillac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. D'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravaillac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment, during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Palin, de Belin and his host Pantin assembled in council. Next morning Pantin and d'Auriac, disguised, go to Toison d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and madame had been taken. D'Auriac hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where, through a skylight, he witnesses meeting of de Gomeron and two confederates. They plan another meeting for that night when Biron will be present. He determines to communicate again with Sully, but Ravaillac and de Gomeron being below, and fearing detection, is compelled to bide his opportunity. After a time he sees in window opposite face of madame. They communicate by means of signs, he telling her deliverance is at hand. When night falls d'Auriac goes to join de Belin, whom he meets on his way with Pantin and a friend. All go to find the king (who is on a night frolic) at an ordinary.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

At last we reached More's, and as we entered the hall I could not help wondering if the good Parisians knew that their king was playing at primero in an ordinary of the city, and would be later on, perhaps, pursued by the watch. More, whom I had not seen since my affair with d'Ayen, was in the hall, and at a word from de Belin, conducted us himself up the stairway, though looking askance at me. We at length gained a long corridor at the beginning of which Pantin was left. Through the closed doors of a private dining-room at the end of this we could hear shouts of laughter. "His majesty and M. de Vitry arrived scarce a half hour ago," whispered More as we approached the door.

"We will not trouble you further," replied the compte; "it is the rule at these little parties to enter unannounced." With these words he put his hand to the door, and went in, I following at his heels. There were at least ten or a dozen men in the room standing round a table, at which sat the king engaged at play with M. de Bassompierre. Neither the king nor Bassompierre, who seemed absorbed in the game, took the least notice of our entrance, nor did they seem in the least disturbed by the constant laughter and converse that went on. The others, however, stopped, and then burst out in joyous greetings of de Belin, and very haughty glances at me.

In the meantime the king played on, taking no notice of anyone, his beaked nose dropping lower toward his chin as he lost one roulcau after another to Bassompierre.

"Ventre St. Gris!" he exclaimed at last, "was ever such luck? At this rate I shall not have a shirt on my back in half an hour."

"If the marshal were only here," said Sully, "we could start off at once, sire, instead of risking any more. I see de Belin has brought our guide."

"Yes; where is Biron? I am sick of this." And the king, who was a bad loser, rose from his seat impatiently, at the same time forgetting to hand over the last rouleau of pistoles he had lost to Bassompierre, and thrusting them back into his pocket with an absent gesture.

As if in answer to his question, the door opened, admitting the slight figure and handsome face of de Gie.

"Where is the marshal? Where is Biron?" asked ten voices in a breath.

"Yes, M. de Gie," put in the king, "where is Biron?"

"Sire, the marshal is indisposed. He has begged me to present his excuses and to say he is too ill to come to-night," and as he spoke I saw de Gie's jeweled fingers trembling, and his cheek had lost all color.

"This is sorry news to spoil a gay evening," said the king; and the master general, pulling a comfit box from his vest pocket, toyed with it in his hand as he followed. "Biron must be ill indeed to stay away, sire. What does your majesty think? Shall we begin our rambles by calling on monseigneur?"

"The very thing, grand master; we will start at once."

"But, sire, the marshal is too ill to see anyone, even your majesty," said de Gie, desperately, and with whitening lips.

I thought I heard de Vitry mutter "Traitor," under his thick mustache, but the guardsman parried my glance with an unconcerned look. There was a silence of a half a minute at de Gie's speech, and the king reddened to his forehead.

"If it is as you say, M. le Vicompte, I know the marshal too well not to feel sure that there are two persons whom he would see were he dying—which God forbid—and one of the two is his king. Grand master, we will go, but"—and his voice took a tone of sharp command, and his eye rested first on de Gie and then on the figure of a tall cavalier, at whose throat flashed the jewel of the St. Esprit—"but I must first ask M. de Vitry to do his duty."

As for me, I was dumb with astonishment, and half the faces around me were filled with amaze. Then de Vitry's voice broke the stillness.

"My lord of Epernon, your sword—and you, too, M. le Vicompte."

The duke slipped off his rapier with a sarcastic smile and handed the weapon to the captain of the guard; but we could hear the clicking of the buckles as de Gie's trembling fingers tried in vain to unclasp his belt. So agitated was he that de Vitry had to assist him in his task before it was accomplished.

The king spoke again in the same grating tones:

"M. de Bassompierre and you, de Luynes. I leave the prisoners in your charge. In the meantime, messieurs, we will slightly change our plans. I shall not go myself to the marshal's house; but I depute you, grand master, and these gentlemen here, all except de Vitry, who comes with me, to repair there in my name. Shall M. de Biron not be able to see you, you will come to me—the grand master knows where."

"You will be careful, sire," said Sully.

"Mordieu! Yes—go, gentlemen."

I was about to follow the others, but Belin caught me by the arm as he passed out. "Stay where you are," he whispered, and then he waited until the footsteps died away along the corridor, the king standing with his brows bent and muttering to himself:

"If it were not true—if it were not true."

Suddenly he roused himself. "Come, de Vitry—my mask and cloak—and you, too, sir," he said, turning on me with a harsh glance. He put on his mask, drew the collar of his roquelaure up to his ears, and in a moment I recognized the silent stranger who had ridden off so abruptly from under the portico of St. Merri. I could not repress my start of surprise, and I thought I caught a strange glance in de Vitry's eyes, but the king's face was impassive as stone.

"We go out by the private stair, sire; d'Aubusson is there with the horses." With these words he lifted the tapestry of the wall and touched a door. It swung back of its own accord, and the king stepped forward, the captain of the guard and myself on his heels. When we gained the little street at the back of More's we saw there three mounted men with three led horses.

De Vitry adjusted the king's stirrup, who sprang into the saddle in silence, and then motioning me to do likewise, mounted himself.

"Monsieur," said the king to me, reining in his restive horse, "you will lead us straight to your lodging, next to the Toison d'Or."

"Yes, sire," I made answer; "but it will be necessary to leave the horses by St. Martin's, as their presence near the Toison d'Or might arouse curiosity and suspicion."

"I understand, monsieur, have the goodness to lead on."

At St. Martin's we dismounted. There was a whispered word between the lieutenant and de Vitry, and then the king, de Vitry and myself pressed forward on foot, leaving d'Aubosson and the troopers with the horses. It would take too long, if indeed I have the power, to describe the tumult in my mind as we wound in and out of the cross streets and by lanes toward the Toison d'Or. At last we came to the jaws of the blind passage, and I whispered to de Vitry that we were there. The king turned to de Vitry and asked:

"Are you sure the signals are understood, de Vitry?"

"Yes, sire."

There was no other word spoken, and keeping on the off side of the road, to avoid passing immediately before the door of the Toison d'Or, where it was possible a guard might be set, we went onward toward my lodging. Favored by the mist which still hung over the passage, we got through without accident; but I perceived that not a light glimmered from the face of Babette's house, though I could hear the bolts of the entrance door being drawn, as if some one had entered a moment or so before we had come up. My own lodging was, however, different, and through the glaze of the window we could see the sickly glare of the lamp in the shop where monsieur and madame were no doubt discussing the business of the day.

"We must quiet my landlord and his wife," I whispered to Vitry as we came up to the door.

"Very well," he said, and then I knocked.

The fence, who was alone, himself opened the door. "Ah, captain," he exclaimed, "we thought you were lost; but I see you have friends." He said no more, for I seized his throat with a grip of iron, whilst de Vitry laced him up with his own belt. An improvised gag put a stop to all outcry, and in a trice he was lying like a log amongst his own stolen wares.

"So far so good. De Vitry, you will stay here. At the first sound of the grand master's whistle you will answer it, and they will know what to do. I have something to say to M. d'Auriac. Take me to your room, sir."

I bowed, and, lighting a taper that stood in a holder of molded brass—a prize that had doubtless come to my landlord through one of his clients—led the way up the rickety stairs, and, stopping at the door of my chamber, opened it to let the king pass. For an instant he hesitated, fixing his keen and searching eyes on me—eyes that flashed and sparkled beneath the mask that covered half his features, and then spoke:

"M. d'Auriac, are you still an enemy of your king?"

I could make no answer. I did not know what to say—and stood, candle in hand, in silence. Then Henry laughed shortly and stepped into the room, and shut the door as I followed, and turned up the lamp on my table. Then, facing the king, I said: "Sire, I await your orders."

He had flung off his cloak and mask, and was leaning against the wardrobe, one hand on the hilt of his sword, and at my words he spoke slowly: "I desire to see this room in the Toison d'Or, and to look upon the assembly that has met there with my own eyes."

"Now, sire!"

"Yes, now."

"Your majesty, it is not now possible!"

"Ventre St. Gris—not possible!"

"Permit me, sire—the only way is by this window. If your majesty will step here, you will see the risk of it. I will go and see if they have met; but I conjure you not to make the attempt. The slightest accident would be fatal."

"Do you think I have never scaled a rock before," he said craning out of the window. "Am I a child, M. d'Auriac, or milletonnerres! Because my beard is gray, am I in my dotage? I will go, sir—and thank God that for this moment I can drop the king and be a simple knight. You can stay behind, monsieur, if you like. I go to test the truth of your words."

"Your majesty might save yourself the trouble. I again entreat you—your life belongs to France."

"I know that," he interrupted haughtily, "no more prating, please—will you go first, or shall I?"

Ther was no answer to this. It flashed on me to call to de Vitry for aid to stop the king; but one look at those resolute features before me convinced me that such a course would be useless. I lowered the light, and then testing the ends of the ladder again and again, made the ascent as before. Leaning through the embrasure I saw the dark figure of the king already holding on to the ladder, and he followed me as agile as a cat. Making a long arm I seized him by the shoulder, and with this assistance he clambered over the parapet and lay beside me.

One by one we stole up to the skylight, and the king, raising himself, glanced in, my eyes following over his shoulders. For full five minutes we were there, hearing every word, seeing every soul. And then the king bent down softly, and, laying a hand on my shoulder, motioned me back. It was not until we reached the parapet that he said anything, and it was as if he were muttering a prayer to himself.

When we got back I helped him to dress. He did not, however, resume his roquelaure or hat, but stood playing with the hilt of his sword, letting his eye run backward and forward over the vacant space in my room. At last he turned to me.

"Monsieur, you have not answered a question I put you one evening here."

"Sire," I answered boldly, "is it my fault?"

He began to pull at his mustache, keeping his eyes to the ground and saying to himself: "Sully will not be here for a little, there is time." As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half minute must have passed before he spoke again.

"Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another there is only one course open. There is room enough here—take your sword and your place."

"I—I," I stammered. "Your majesty, I do not understand."

"I never heard that M. de Chevalier was dense on these matters. Come, sir, time presses; your place."

"May my hand wither if I do," I burst out; "I will never stand so before the king."

"Not before the king, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged, too. What! Is d'Auriac so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henry de Bourbon?"

And then it was as if God himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my king.

He raised me gently. "Monsieur, I thank you; it is much for a king to have gained a friend, and hark! If I am not mistaken here is de Vitry."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

People who think they are misunderstood are really understood too well.—Chicago Record.

MARK TWAIN'S PET CATS.

A Quartette of Pretty Mousers That Basked in an Atmosphere of Fame.

You might not suspect the great humorist Mark Twain of being fond of cats and dogs. Though it would seem that his mind must be thronged with queer fancies and imaginary characters, always getting into laughable and difficult situations, Mark Twain yet has room for thoughts of friends belonging to the animal kingdom. He once owned four of the prettiest and daintiest mousers that ever basked in an atmosphere of fame.

When Mark Twain lived at "Quarry Farm," a picturesque home high up on a southern New York mountain, overlooking many miles of landscape, he did most of his writing in a little eight-sided summer-house, which he called his "Pilot House," in memory of the days long ago when he was a pilot on the Mississippi river. . . . Cozily nestling in a great chair or snuggled comfortably upon an old lounge in this literary workshop, at almost any time of the day, could be found Mark Twain's pets. They were allowed there because they had the good manners to keep quiet while he worked. If they had presumed to jump upon the desk and put their little feet upon the manuscript or tip over the ink, they would not have been allowed to remain.

The cozy little Pilot house was very popular with these cats. It may have been because it was such a nice, sunny place, having windows upon all of its sides. Being upon the very tip-top of the great hill, it received the warmth of the first and last rays of the sun, of which these pets were quite as fond as was the humorist himself. Mark Twain knew that although cats are said to have nine lives, the time must come when even his pets and he would have to part, so one day he summoned Mr. Van Aken, the photographer. . . . A jealous dog did his best to prevent a photograph's being taken, but in vain; and two good views of them were obtained. Mark Twain himself thus sings the requiem of his pets:

"Hartford, Conn.

"I don't know as there is anything of continental or international interest to communicate about these cats. They had no history. They did not distinguish themselves in any way. They died early—on account of being overweighted with their names, it was thought—Sour Mash, Apollinaris, Zoroaster, Blatherskite—names given them, not in an unfriendly spirit, but merely to practice the children in large and difficult styles of pronunciation.

"It was a very happy idea—I mean for the children.

"MARK TWAIN."

—Edwin Wildman, in St. Nicholas.

WHY HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP.

Little Jake Thought the Beating Was Not Half as Bad as Being Called a Spaniard.

"Soak it to him, Chimmie!"

"Biff him hard, Jake!"

These and similar exclamations of encouragement, oft repeated, came from a crowd of intensely eager boys and girls and not a few grinning men assembled around two little gladiators engaged in a serious fist duel on Mulberry street not very far from police headquarters the other afternoon.

Some of the grinning men looked half ashamed of their role of tolerant spectators of the encounter. The air of superficial amusement of the remainder scarcely concealed the real interest with which they followed every movement of the fighters.

To the latter it was no laughing matter. One, a slight pale lad with a dogged, determined look, and thin, firmly-compressed lips, was obviously outclassed by his more robust and furiously angry opponent, who was punishing him severely, but he would not avow himself vanquished.

"Let up, Chimmie, he's had enough," interposed Chimmie's friends.

Jake, bruised and bleeding, picked himself up from the ground and protested fiercely that he had not done with the enemy and proposed to "finish him up if I get smashed."

The battle was resumed, and Jake went down heavily, striking his head on the curbstone. He was picked up dazed and weak, but still defiant.

A man pushed his way through the crowd and restrained him.

"You're grit all through, my boy, but it's no use, he's too much for you," he said.

"But he called me a Spaniard!" exclaimed the boy passionately, with tears of baffled rage in his eyes as he struggled to free himself from the man's grasp. "Me a Spaniard! And me fadder was killed in de war!"

"I wus on'y guyin' yer," admitted Chimmie, sullenly, seeming to realize at this reminder all the enormity of the insult. "You're all right, Jake."

A tall figure in a helmet and a blue coat with brass buttons came sauntering down the street from the direction of police headquarters. Chimmie, the mollified Jake, and their admirers went off together. The crowd dwindled away, and peace once more reigned in Mulberry street.—N. Y. Times.

A Justifiable Protest.

"What's that!" cried the convicted incendiary. "Five years? Well, if you people ain't about the worst I ever ran up against! Here I goes out in the evenin' an' sets fire to the tallest buildin' in town—sets fire to it so that in less'n a minute th' thing's shootin' blaze 100 feet up into th' sky. The whole poppylation is there quicker'n scat, all of you tickled to death at th' sight! For four an' five hours you stood there watchin' th' fire—hours of solid enjoyment too—an' it not costin' you a cent! Why, a circus or th' theater or a scandal trial wouldn't have given you half as much fun, an' you know it! An' yet you sit there an' bring in a verdic' givin' me five years in th' penitentiary—me that's shown you all a good time an' ought to be considered as a benefactor if there wuz any gratitude in th' human boozum!"—N. Y. Journal.

CATCHING BEAR CUBS.

Amusing Methods That Are Adopted by Hunters in the Yellowstone Park.

The national zoo at Washington is supplied with many animals from the Yellowstone national park, where they are caught young. The park abounds with all kinds of wild animals and birds, from the hated and detested English sparrow to the sly and cunning mountain lion, but it is unlawful to hunt or molest them, excepting when those delegated with authority capture bears, elk, deer or swan, or other gayly feathered birds for the zoo in the nation's capital. The capture of the bears is attended with much excitement. The methods adopted are so peculiar that they will cause many to stop and think twice before they believe what they read.

The cubs caught are always found up some comparatively small tree, sleeping or resting on the branches with their mother. When espied by the hunters, who are unarmed, excepting for a large ax, a couple of leather collars and several pieces of rope, the first thing done is to get rid of the mother bear, who scented the hunters long before they saw her or her little ones. That is not a difficult nor dangerous task, but a very ludicrous one, full of fun and excitement. As a usual thing, one of the hunters climbs a near-by tree, and armed with a long pole, which was cut by his companions while he climbs the tree, proceeds to dislodge the mother. This he does by prodding her in the sides with the pole, which is cut long enough to reach from one tree to th other. The first punch or two usually causes the old bear to hug the limb of the tree upon which she rests all the tighter, and during the time she rends the air by a peculiar grunt, made by protruding the lower lip several inches and forcing the air from her lungs through the half-open mouth. The cubs are not long in scenting danger, and they, too, grunt and growl, rolling their bead-like eyes from side to side in terror, hunching their soft backs in their endeavors to cling to the tree all the more securely.

A few vigorough punches in the sides soon causes the mother to shift her position from limb to limb, grunting and snarling at the time at a great rate. It is often the case that she will seek refuge on the opposite side of the tree, beyond the reach of the man with the pole. That necessitates his companion cutting a pole for himself and climbing another tree on the opposite side, from which position of vantage he continues the jabbing process. The bear is between "the devil and the high sea," and after climbing from limb to limb, only to receive vigorous prods in the ribs and back, soon gives up the unequal fight, and, with a grunt, evidently a signal to her young to retreat, she slides down the trunk, scraping off the loose bark in the descent, until almost to the bottom, when she gives a leap, striking the ground with a thud and grunt and goes scampering off in the forest, probably never to return, leaving her young up the tree, which at her departure rend the air with their peculiar and heart-appealing cries.

Then comes the difficult and no less amusing task of capturing the young. This takes time, often consuming an hour or more, but always with the same result. The men arm themselves with long ropes, with a slipnoose at one end, and climb neighboring trees. The capture by this time has resolved itself down to the ability of the men to throw the noose over the heads of the crying cubs. After the disappearance of their mother the little fellows curl themselves up in a ball, placing their heads between their front paws. It is impossible to do anything until the silence of the forest gives them a feeling of reassurance, and they poke out their heads to view the situation. It is then that the hunter quietly and dexterously drops the noose over the unsuspecting projecting head and with a quick jerk draws it tightly around his neck. The other end of the rope is quickly drawn over a limb, and poor Mr. Cub is drawn from his perch, the tightening noose shutting off his wind. He is drawn up sufficiently to clear the limb upon which he rested, and then he is lowered to the ground, kicking and squirming in midair, uttering gurgling sounds from his wide-open mouth. The man on the ground soon has a stout leather collar around his neck, and in a jiffy he is tied to a neighboring tree, where he recovers his breath and yells all the louder during the repetition of the scene attendant upon the capture of his mate.

Sometimes during this apparently barbarous but harmless mode of capture, the mother bear, attracted by the cries of her young, will return and view the captors from a distance, looking at the men and her cubs through a clump of bushes, and answering the cries of her young, as only a bear knows how, but never venturing very close, being easily scared away by the waving of the arms of the hunters and a shout or two.

In some instances, where the tree is small, it is cut off close to the ground after the mother bear has been frightened away, and is carried in an upright position to one of the hotels in the park, where it is lowered on its side in an inclosure and the cubs are caught at leisure.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Smell of Flowers.

A scientist of note has discovered that the smell of flowers is injurious to the voice. He declares that several operatic singers of his acquaintance owe the loss of their voices to their passion for certain sweet-smelling flowers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Theory and Practice.

She—I'm almost baked. I've been shut up in a close, stuffy room for two hours.

He—What was the occasion for that?

"A meeting of our Fresh Air society."—Yonkers Statesman.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Mrs. Box, excitedly. "There's 13 at table." "Never mind, ma," shouted little Johnnie, "I kin eat fur two."—The Rival.

Mother—"Whom do you love best, Tommy—mother, father or grandma?" Tommy (promptly)—"Custard."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

Customer—"Are my clothes ready?" Tailor—"Not yet, sir." Customer—"But you said you would have them done if you worked all night." Tailor—"Yes; but I didn't work all night."—Answers.

Officer—"What is your name?" Jones—"M'namesh—hic—Jamesh J-jonesh." Officer—"What is your full name?" Jones—"Yesh, tha-thas full name—sober namesh Ja-james—hic—Jones."—Town Topics.

"We don't have no luck at our house like they have over to Johnny Smithers'." "Why, what kind of luck do the Smithers' have?" "Jimmy Smithers' father has dyspepsia, an' there's always a piece of pie left over an' Jimmy gets it."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

On the Road to Reformation.—Weary Walker—"Say, mum, could yer give a feller a leetle help ter keep him from breakin' a good reserlution?" Old Lady—"Of course, my good man. Here's a quarter for you. Now, tell me your resolution." "Never ter swipe anything, mum, ez long ez I could get money this easy. So long."—Philadelphia Record.

Influenza Patient—"What! doctor, do you mean to say you charge me five shillings a visit?" Doctor—"Certainly, just the same as anyone else." Influenza Patient—"Oh, but you ought to make a reduction for me. Why, I introduced the influenza into the neighborhood."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

HOME LIFE IN PORTO RICO.

Some Peculiarities of the People Who Have Just Become Subjects of Uncle Sam.

The native early-morning meal is a cup of coffee with milk—addiction to the black coffee habit does not exist on the island—and a piece of bread. Breakfast is served at 11 or 12 o'clock, and is seldom elaborate, unless guests are in the house. Boiled eggs, bread and coffee satisfy the ordinary man, but the hungry man eats his garlicky beefsteak in addition.

Dinner is the meal of the day, and is eaten between six and seven o'clock. This is the native's only full heavy meal, and this fact may account for his ability to eat a quantity of food which leaves the average American a victim of indigestion and remorse.

The positions of honor at a dinner table are, among older and non-traveled residents, in the following order: The head of the table to the most distinguished guest; the rest, in the order of their rank and importance, ranged around to the right, the host occupying the last seat after his guests. The women sit at the left of the table, all together. Among the more cultured classes the host occupies the head, the hostess the foot, the places of honor being the seats to the right and left of the host.

The evenings in the home—for instance, of an alcalde, the mayor of a town—are spent around the center of the marble-topped table, lazily rocking to and fro in the big chairs. The men smoke their cigarettes—the women never smoke—and a flow of small-talk, filled with simple jokes and sallies, constitutes the entire evening's amusement. Where they have pianos, the daughters exhibit their limited skill on instruments which are jangled and out of tune. One never sees a book or a magazine in these houses, though in two or three of the larger cities there are many literary men. Reading is not a strong point of the island population.—Special Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.

THE JEWISH NOSE.

It Is Not Alone to the Semitic Race That Large Noses Are Confined.

Secondly, as to the nose. Popularly he humped or hook nose constitutes the most distinctive feature of the Jewish face. Observations among the Jews, in their most populous centers, do not, however, bear out the theory. Thus Majer and Kopernicki (1885), in their extended series, found only nine per cent. of the hooked type—no greater frequency than among the Poles; a fact which Weissenberg confirms as to the relative scarcity of the convex nose in profile among his South Russian Jews. He agrees, however, that the nose is often large, thick and prominent. Weisbach (1877) measured the facial features of 19 Jews, and found the largest noses in a long series of people from all over the earth; exceeded in length, in fact, by the Patagonians alone. The hooked nose is, indeed, sometimes frequent outside the Jewish people. Olechnowicz found, for example, over a third of the noses of the gentry in southeast Poland to be of this hooked variety. Running the eye over our carefully chosen series of portraits, selected for us as typical from four quarters of Europe—Algeria, Russia, Bosnia, and the confines of Asia—representing the African, Balkan Spagnuoli and Russian Ashkenazim varieties, visual impression will also confirm our deduction. The Jewish nose is not so often truly convex in profile. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that it gives a hooked impression. This seems to be due to a peculiar "tucking up of the wings" as Dr Beddoe expresses it.—Prof. William Z. Ripley, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

One Difference.

A boy doesn't care anything about a pretty lining in his coat. That is one difference between a boy and a girl.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.